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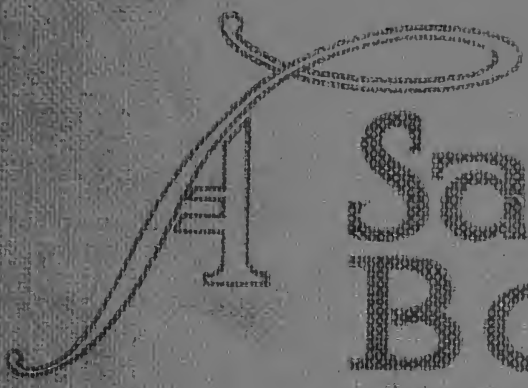

A Satin Bow

SARA T. ARCHER

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The Satin Bow

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

SARA F. ARCHER

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A SATIN BOW.

O LITTLE shining satin bow
From off my lady's wedding-gown,
Where, 'mid the folds like driven snow,
You held some fractious ruffle down!

I saw thee not that happy day,—
I only saw a mist of white,
My darling's eyes, an orange spray,—
And felt my heart throb with delight.

But somehow, somewhere, thou didst hold
High carnival for one glad hour.
Now, limp and yellow, crushed and old,
Bereft of all adorning power,

Your mistress dropped you on the floor,
And at my feet you idly lay:—
"My love, some trash I'll keep no more;
I wore it on my wedding day."

The little woman, you must know,
Could make no use of such a thing.
Most of her ribbons long ago
Made baby's sash or bonnet string.

And so, she threw you quite away,
Poor victim of her happy pride!
She wore you on her wedding day,—
A gleeful, girlish, bonny bride!

They tell me she is faded, too,
Is growing thin, and worn, and wan;
But gazing in those eyes so true,
I dare you prove it if you can.

I bid you mark her sunny face
  Enthroned my household gods among;
I see a rare and matchless grace
  Though she is now no longer young.

And, as she lays her work aside
  To dress a doll, or mend a kite,
She's fairer than my own fair bride,—
  You'd say so could you see the sight.

And you,—poor, little, speechless thing,—
  A bit of finery she wore,—
Have touched some sentimental spring
  That makes me foolish as of yore.

I'll keep thee for the mute appeal
  That gave my blood so quick a start,
And proved Time had not set his seal
  Upon the romance of the heart.

And, hidden in this secret place,
  With other treasures past their prime,
A ring, a rose, a pictured face,
  I'll hold thee sacred all the time.

SHE FINDS IT.

I WAS sitting today, all forlorn, worn and weary;
And my life seemed so desolate, darksome, and dreary!
At my dead husband's desk I had sadly been writing,
A long letter of love to my daughter inditing,
When my wandering fingers quite aimlessly pressed it,—
The spring to a drawer where I never had guessed it.

A rose, withered and dead; a ring, gemless and broken;
A portrait, a paper: the vanished had spoken!
A rose that I wore on the night we were plighted;
A ring that had pledged to affection requited,

(It was wrecked in an accident, well I remember,
One cold, star-lit night in the month of December);
And a portrait of me in the days of my glory,
When I read the first page of a life-long love-story.

And then, with a pain in my heart, I unfolded
A paper that held what my fingers had molded
To wear on the night when I promised forever
To stand by his side "until death do us sever."
I was dumb with amazement and anguish unspoken.
And yet I thanked God that the silence was broken,
For it seemed that a message from over the river
Had come my sick soul from its pain to deliver.
How I threw down this little old gew-gaw, expecting
To be gaily bantered by such an inspecting
And mimic relation of falsest pretenses,
To close with a comical bill of expenses!
For, in fun, he could make most astounding disclosures,
And fabricate slyly the direst exposures.
He said not a word, but sat, thoughtfully thrumming
The time to a little old tune I was humming.

The wind, through the leaves of the closed morning-glories,
Was balmy as Italy's airs in the stories,
And down through the ranks of the corn-field it wandered
And talked to my soul of my soul as I pondered.
The afternoon sun in the western sky stooping;
The hollyhocks down in the garden were drooping;
The marigolds, poppies, and old-fashioned posies
Consoled me in part for the death of the roses.

On a green, grassy slope, little children were playing,
With a four-o'clock necklace the baby arraying.
And, while I was feeling so fretted and jaded,
He dared to pretend that I never had faded!

And little he knew that the doll I was dressing,
I longed to throw down for one moment's caressing.
And while he was quiet, indifferent seeming,
I knew all the while he was tenderly dreaming.

Oh! an angel I'm sure was in mercy presiding,
And guided the hand that was lovingly hiding
Just a soiled satin bow, such a crumpled old treasure!
But 'tis haunted for aye by the ghost of a pleasure.
And I found it, I know, by the same intervention
When my hand touched a spring without thought or intention,
And a panel flew out as in joy at unfolding
The tokens it long had been secretly holding.
Like a rock in the desert some prophet hath smitten,
The pent tears gushed forth at the words he had written.
'Twas the gleam of a sail to a soul tempest driven,
That long, with an agonized blindness had striven,
Oft baffled by doubt, in a fruitless endeavor
To find some safe port where to anchor forever.
Now I feel and I know that, in some nameless glory,
I shall take up the thread of an endless love-story.

CONSOLATION.

LIFE'S labor ended, to lie down and rest
With quiet hands upon a pulseless breast,—
This is thy portion; it is ours to stay
And stumble on in tears a little way;
To miss the touches of thy tender hand
And dear companionship; no more to stand
With thee upon the upland slopes of life,
Serene and calm above the stress and strife;

To see our daily duties come and go
Nor seek thy counsel, and forever know
The voice that cheered us cannot wake again
To check our folly, or to soothe our pain.
The loving ministry is ended; still
Its influence lives on. It is God's will.

Our eyes are dimmed; but thine are opened wide
Upon the raptures of the glorified.
The little mound holds not in its embrace
The dauntless spirit that had run its race
With courage undiminished to the end,—
Of hope, the Angel, of despair, the Friend.

We cannot look beyond the veil and see,
But it is surely always well with thee.
But how with us who must not wait to weep
Beside the portals of thy dreamless sleep?
Thy life's sweet inspiration leads the way;
We meet again when dawns eternal Day.

[The preceding poem was read at the Memorial Exercises conducted by the Spokane teachers in honor of Miss May Boydston, a much loved member of their organization, recently deceased.]

AN EASTER REVERIE.

I STAND, dear Lord, above the silent tomb,
And lay my treasures down in bud and bloom
Of Easter lilies, fragrant with the breath
Of tropic climes; their symbol, life in death.
And sweet, quaint hymns come to me o'er and o'er,
Of ties united on some distant shore.

I hear the twitter of a blue-bird's song,
And know full well an eager, trembling throng
Of waxen blood-roots, trilliums in state,
Dicentras, bell-worts, violets await
Thy bidding to come forth. I fain would know
If buried hopes will rise to meet me so.

Passive I stand above the lowly bed
Where lie my loved ones with the silent dead.
I have grown quiet for I called in vain;
Time may have dulled, it has not stilled the pain.
And O, how can I give them up as yet,
I have so much to grieve for, to regret!

I faltered often, Lord; I would go back.
I would be gentler, and I would not lack
Patience almost divine, if I could speak
The word unspoken. I was proud and weak.
I long to take the hands I dropped too soon:
I meant to do the task, to grant the boon.

It is too late? Then give me grace to be
Gentler by far to those thou leavest me.
Let me not keep the loving words unsaid
To sorrow over when the soul has fled.
Give me the power to yield to Life's behest,
And hasten now to honor the request.

And shall we meet in some bright world above,
And clasp those hands, and speak those words of love?
So many wrongs are never righted here,
And God is good. I cannot, dare not fear
That sometime, somewhere, He will give relief.
Lord, I believe. Help Thou my unbelief.

SOLITUDE.

LIFE has its solitudes, silent and holy,
Shrines of the soul where the spirit may rest,
Leaving its agonies, sordid and lowly,
Taking an outlook on life at its best;—
Knowing that pain, persecution, and sorrow,
Pleasure and joy have their varying sway,
Always conspiring to make us tomorrow
Something diviner than knows us today.

Life has its solitudes! Blessed tribunals
Where we may test every motive obscure;
No one to chide in our free self-communals,
No one to doubt that our motives are pure.
There we can settle our inmost convictions,
Choose between truth and a plausible lie,
Seeking the clew to our own derelictions,
Letting the fault of our neighbor pass by.

Thrice blessed solitudes! smiling to hail us
When we have missed what we perish to gain!
Proving that, wholly, no effort can fail us,
None without recompense, none without pain.
There we can fly when our poor hearts are broken,
Health, hope, or happiness wounded or dead,
Weep away pangs that must never be spoken,
Reinforce courage that faltered and fled.

Beautiful solitudes! where, to the vision,
Reach out the prospects that ravish the sight,—
Fields of beatitude, gardens elysian,
Raptures of fancy and glories of light.
Day-dreaming solitude! Land of completeness!
Land where the water of life turns to wine!
Possible land of impossible sweetness!
Goodness and gladness and glory are thine.

WHICH "ITHERS"?

"O WAD some Power the Giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us,
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion.
What airs in dress an' gait would lea'e us,
An' e'en devotion!"

(Robert Burns, "On Seeing a Louse on a Lady's Bonnet in Church.")

Which "ithers'" view, my bonny poet,
Would benefit us, could we know it?
Not his, I'm sure, who sees us rarely;
Who takes no time to judge us fairly;
Who, thoughtless, airs his own opinions
On others' manners, dress, dominions;
Who, from his throne within a palace,
Would scorn the bee poised o'er the chalice
Of some sweet flower,—whose hoarded honey
Will grace his board, and cost his money.

Not his whom we have served unkindly,
In some mad moment rushing blindly
Into a folly past retrieving.
Why spend our days in idle grieving?
He saw the worst, the blackest feature
Of one poor, sinning fellow creature.
Not his opinion—never, never!
Ambition, hope would fly forever.
We know enough to crush and shame us
Tho' he should never deign to name us.

Not his who takes his seat behind us,
And seeks some sorry chance to find us
Remiss in something he can gaily
Hold up to ridicule us daily,
And who could write a heartless sonnet
On what invades a lady's bonnet.
O, Robbie Burns, most favored laddie
That ever wore a Scottish plaidie!

On one dumb mouse you wasted pity,
And pained a woman in a ditty!

Not his whom we have oft befriended,
Confided in, believed, defended;
Who knows our faults, forgives our weakness,
Accepts our worst excuse with meekness;
Who knows where we would faint or falter,
Or where refuse our course to alter.
'Twould damp our friendly satisfaction,
And taint our most unselfish action.
No, friend, we rest, content in knowing
You trust, despite our saddest showing.

Not his who views us as a lover;
Whose asking eyes would fain discover
Some hitherto unmentioned graces
With which to animate our faces;
Who paints our cheeks with unseen roses,
And even eulogizes noses!
Who finds a dimple in a wrinkle,
Nor dreams that Time will surely sprinkle
Our fading brows with tresses hoary,
And dim the eyes' revealing glory.

Not one of these,—fond, flippant, jealous!
Then whose, I prithee, poet, tell us!
Whose view would make us wiser, better,
Could we but know it to the letter?
Rouse from thy lowly, voiceless slumber,
And wake thy harp of tuneful number!
Till you've defined a clear position,
We'll struggle tow'rd the best condition
We can attain. When hearts are sinking,
We'll raise their drooping courage thinking,—

Thank God! not all the powers can gie us
The gift to see as ithers see us!
'Twad not frae ithers' blunders free us,—
Their foolish notions;
'Twad but confuse,—not even lea'e us
Unchecked devotions!

THE AMERICAN QUEEN.

DID I hear someone say, "An American queen
Is something no mortal eye ever has seen.
We're a grand old Republic. No royalty, please,
To bring our Democracy down on its knees"?
Stop! I'll prove you're mistaken. But don't be alarmed!
Her court is a circle both charming and charmed.
You have sat at her feet. You have gazed in her face.
She has magnetized you by her womanly grace.
She sits by the cradle, and hums lullabies;
In the kitchen, she deftly manipulates pies;
She enters the parlor with duster and broom,
And leaves the apartment a bower of bloom;
She delves in the corners, and digs out the dirt;
She kisses the bruises, and binds up the hurt.
When the housework is done, and the children at school,
She whips out a needle—the feminine tool!
When the stockings are darned, and the patch looking fine,
She works on a d'oyley with intricate vine.
An open book lies at her side in a chair
While she reads for the "Club" with an erudite air.
A visitor calls, and society's due
Is paid with a courtesy, simple and true.
She sees a sweet babe or a picturesque spot,
Produces a kodak, and takes a snap shot.
If she fingers the typewriter's voluble keys,
She spells her words right,—minds her q's and her p's.
She plays the piano, and sometimes she sings.
Her bicycle flies like a creature with wings.

In the schoolroom, she rises to regions sublime.
There is nothing she fears when she dabbles in rhyme.
When disaster o'ertakes her,—the banker succumbs,—
Right into the midst of the ruin she comes.
With courage undaunted, she faces about,
And turns into triumph, a possible rout.
If left unprotected her course to pursue,
She cheerfully paddles her own stanch canoe.
With her faith in her Maker, she enters the van,
And gallantly proves herself equal to man.
In sickness, she stands at the bedside of pain,
And coaxes the roses of health back again.
She knows just the pillow to soothe the hot head,
Just the right way to move with her calm, noiseless tread.
And when life is over, she smooths the gray tress,
Or robes the hushed babe in its last snowy dress.
If her country is threatened, her first trembling tears
Return to their fountains when danger appears.
She buckles the sword belt, and knots the bright sash,
Tho' in fancy she hears all the battle-field's crash.
She smiles on the lover, the husband, the son,
Just as brightly as if all their glory were won.
The hospital knows her soft, resolute hand;
She works and she prays for her dear native land.
If a rifle ball pierces the heart she loves best,
How bravely she bears all her grief unexpressed!
Her lips dumb with anguish, she looks to the skies
Where the Star Spangled Banner in victory flies.
The American women! God bless them today!
God give them the wisdom to hold their proud sway
Right royally ever, and still undismayed,
Hold rank where the queens of the earth are arrayed!

THE GIRL I SAT BY IN CHURCH.

NOT an angel surely;
Roguish little minx,—
Eyes as bright as buttons;
Cheeks as sweet as pinks;
Tipsy little dimples
Hunting round the lips
Red as any rose bud
Honey-bee sips;
Nose just a little
Turning to the sky;
Hair inclined to ripple,—
Doesn't know why.
Gazing at the preacher
With those funny eyes,
Trying to be solemn,
Trying to look wise.
Proud of her decorum;
Just a little grand;
Holding up a prayer-book
In a twitching hand.
Very prim and proper!
Wouldn't even glance
At that dandy yonder,
Eying her askance!
I am just a woman
Full of homely cares
That will not forsake me
Even in my prayers.
But the olden romance
Gushes forth anew
As I weave a day-dream
Out of gold for you.
Never name I'll give you,
Never time or place,
But you charm me vastly,
Little Funny Face.
And you'll read the praises
I have wandered through,
All the time unconscious
They were meant for you.

ONLY A NAME.

A NAME, a name, and that was all!
Out of the skies it seemed to fall,—
A whispered name I used to know
In dreamy days, long years ago.
Only a name! yet such a glow
Of old emotions touched me so
It caused a blush of youth to start
Quick from the pulses of the heart.
It filled my soul with vain regret.
My eyes with sudden tears were wet.
Out of the mist, two starry eyes
Seemed fixed on mine in swift surprise.
The lips were mute. A face divine
Flashed with the thought that answered mine.
From out a dim, vague sense of pain,
An olden romance bloomed again.
A hand touched mine. A ghostly crew
Of dear, dead mem'ries rushed to view.
A boat went drifting with the tide;
Two in the boat sat side by side
In gay content; some songs were sung,
Much nonsense said; and both were young!
Two heads, one black and one of brown,
Above the selfsame book bent down
To read some love-tale of renown.
Some rare nooks in the woods they knew;
The stars named in the vaulted blue.

A long, long year estranged, ah me!
Then friends,—no more to ever be.

Only a name! It thrilled me through
With a strong sense of something true,—
Mine and not mine forever more!
Vainly I search, weep and implore.
I see my daily duty here;
No time for idle wish or tear.
Rise to the present. Live today.
Turn life's romances all away!—
But chide myself, as well I may,
I cannot chase the charm away.
One wistful vision of the Past
Will Love's illusions o'er me cast.

Holiday Hill, mentioned by "Mark Twain" in "Innocents Abroad," and selected by him for the site of the home of the Widow Douglas in "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," is on the west bank of the Mississippi River at Hannibal, Missouri. It commands a beautiful view beginning with the bold bluffs of "Cave Hollow" on the south, and extending north until the spires of Quincy, Illinois, are visible above the treetops. To the east lie the wide fertile levels of the Sny and the villages of Payson and Seehorn. The river front of the town stretches between Holiday Hill and a precipitous bluff, known as Lover's Leap, on the south. "Jackson's Island," the rendezvous of the young pirates in "Tom Sawyer," gems the bosom of the river. The Holiday house was a typical southern home, flanked by the old-time negro quarters, and contained a central hall, large rooms with a fire-place in each, and deep verandas. It was surrounded by a grove of locusts with a small peach orchard at the back. Among the negroes it bore an unsavory reputation as a haunted house. It was the writer's home for three years, but has since been destroyed by fire.

HAUNTED HOUSES.

I LIKE some houses, old and quaint and queer,
With breezy rooms suggestive of good cheer;
High, dusky mantels; chimney-mouths, all dark
With legacies from dying flame and spark;
Strange paneled doors; small, twinkling window-panes
Of glass uneven, washed by winter rains
For many years, while Fortune's whirling wheel
Has spun its dizzy round of woe and weal.

I like the crazy porches, old and deep.
I like the sounds that through such dwellings creep.
Haunted? O, yes! Before you muffle floors,
And drape the windows, all the gusty doors
Give forth strange sounds. A stealthy step replies
To every turn; still when you pause, it flies
When, flying, you retreat in doubt or fear—
"I wonder! Is it well to enter here!"

Then, hang the walls with pictures; fill the rooms
With modern household gods; bring buds and blooms,
Books, vases, statues, keepsakes, frail but dear,
A hassock there, a coaxing sofa here;
Let little feet of children patter through
The halls and stairways; paper and renew
The time-worn paint; bring music; bid the glow
Of fresh young life its cheeriness bestow.

When all is done, I dare you to intrude
Upon a certain sacred solitude,—
A spirit, vague and dim, from out the past
That hovers o'er you, rides the fiercest blast,
Moans from the eaves, and from the chimney shrieks,
Sobs at the doors, and down the stair-case creaks,

Peoples the house with shadows, thin and stark,
That rustle past you if you brave the dark!

The little drops that glitter on the pane—
Are they some human tears, or only rain?
How many feet before my own have stood
Right here—or here? I could not, if I would,
Stand anywhere but some one else beside
Has stood and thought, and henceforth has defied
My right to claim one spot as all my own
Exclusive of the others it has known.

I like such haunted houses, I repeat.
I like to hear the sound of viewless feet;
To fancy echoes of an unknown tongue,
Or misty shadows from the twilight sprung
Of some dead past; and in the dead of night
To conjure up the visions of delight
That must have been, since, through whatever woes
Our heroes plunge, they triumph at the close.

Imagination? Call it what you will!
Around such houses, there will linger still
Some subtle hint and flavor, rich and rare,
Of hope, of love, of life that centered there,—
As when, in prying haste, you open wide
Some grandame's chest where ancient costumes hide,
An odor greets you from their hush'd repose,
A faint perfume, musk, lavender or rose.

So, while one stone upon its mate remains,
An air of mystery the house retains.
And, though the forms have fled that graced the rooms,
Like the crushed leaves that shed the rich perfumes,
A something lives, intangible, complete,
And all immortal, though the tripping feet
That trod the floors, or bore the stiff brocade,
All still and cold in death and dust are laid.

A PROPHECY.

A LITTLE nest upon the hill,
Perched o'er the town,
Home-like and calm, and lined within
As warm as down!
No gaudy panoply of wealth,
No tinseled show.
Proud of its restful, airy height,
Its love-lit glow.
Home! this is home!
The pilgrim's shrine,
Where all of life and all of love
Is sweet as wine.

O storms, that sweep o'er other nests
To scath and loss,
Rock us but gently on thy breast,
Tow'rd Heaven toss!
O skies, grown black for other homes,
Grander than this,
Tender and true, send to our hearth
The sunbeam's kiss!
Give us enough of shine and shade,
O God above,
Our earthly nature to restrain,
Our baser love!

Within the nest upon the hill,
Two happy birds,
Wingless, perchance, but humming o'er
Dear, loving words.

One in his daily work with men
  Never forgot;
Always a wistful prayer for him
  In one bright spot.
And one whose eyes his coming watch
  Through blissful tears,
Hoping to share the comer's lot
  For many years.

Avaunt, vile passion's serpent fiend!
  O, Spoiler's hand,
Touch not the dearest heart to me
  In all the land!
Distrust, keep back thy poisoned barb,
  One victim spare.
And yet, my hand fast locked in his,
  Your thrusts I dare!
When human fears and frailties cease,
  Life's dreaming done,
Give to the wingless angel's wings,
  True life begun.

AFTERTHOUGHT.

DEAR little Afterthought sits on my knee.
  Brown-eyed and wondering, happy is she;
Filling the house with her chatter and noise,
Strewing the carpet with pictures and toys,
Dragging a kitten around by the paws,
Firmly believing in old Santa Claus,—
Bertie we call her, she calls herself Bee;
Born in December: age, just over three;
Climbs to my knee to be kissed and caressed.
Are not the afterthoughts sometimes the best?

HOMESICK.

COME! Let me see the world once ere I die,
The matchless sweep of river, earth and sky!
Penned here within the city's dreary bound,
How sadly lonesome do the days go round!
I long to see some wide extended view
That only ends where earth can touch the blue.

My love, we lived thus once, long years ago,
Thro' one brief summer's blush, one reign of snow.
We saw the sunlight slanting up the sky
When all below in shadowed sleep did lie;
We saw the clouds take shapes of Fancy born,
And glow with all the rosy tints of morn;
We saw the river bridged with golden light,
And all the gloom of darkness put to flight;
We saw the sun drop down the silent west,
Like weary soul that seeks its promised rest,
And yet can leave a prophecy behind
Of what the waking hours of morn will find.

What fragrance met us at the very door,—
The perfumes that the freighted breezes bore!
Can I forget how the white clover blooms
Sent honeyed odors through the wide old rooms?
Or how the wafted breath of vines concealed
The promise of the future grape revealed,
The rarest, subtlest,—stay! I will repent
The effort to describe that dainty scent.

I'd like to feel that mocking-birds can still
Awaken morning with their liquid trill;
One reckless warbler chose the swaying bough
That swept our window,—I can hear it now!
I'd like to cull the roses wild and sweet
That down the hillside lured our stumbling feet.
And I would walk down the rude quarry road,
And bring me back a rough and dirty load
Of rocks that show where coral forests waved,
And encrinites an ocean's floor have paved.

And then, the evenings! when the sunless sky
The gorgeous trappings of the day put by;
When stars shone out in twilight's airy calm,
And wearied senses drank the breath of balm
That, like some stealthy spirit of the breeze,
Stole in and out among the locust trees;
And when some pulsing star so clearly beamed,
Across the wave, a steel-blue pathway gleamed.

Have you forgotten—nay, **could** you forget—
The moon-lit evenings, when the last regret
Of day had faded, and the lover's queen
Held tender sway above the tranquil scene?
Or how, between the hills, the mist-like frown
Turned to a halo o'er the distant town?
And from a shady nook, far-off and dark,
The music floated upward from the park?

Sometimes the storms their wildest fury spent,
And all the clouds to ruthless rage gave vent.
Safe sheltered till the wrath and wreck swept by,
We heard the wailing winds of heaven cry,
The patt'ring drops, the "finger-tips of sleet"
That on the doors and window-shutters beat.
We saw the first wee rift of shining blue
That braved the storm, and let the sunshine through

You tell me I am homesick. Let it go!
That I am sick of this, full well I know.
I walk in solitude the busy street,
While all around me, rush the restless feet.
I see the faces, and the absent air
That the unrecognizing strangers wear.
And I would rather pass an apple tree
All gay with blossoms, or a daisy see,
Or dandelion, or a luscious peach
That dangles on a twig just out of reach.

I see high walls, a smoky strip of sky,
Some dusty trees, a crowd that hurries by,
And pine for one long, sunny afternoon
To sit and listen to a wild bird's tune;
To clasp my hands, and stay my weary feet
Where friendly echoes would our songs repeat;—
With no neglected duties standing by,
No sad, reproachful tears to dim my eye;
Untrammeled, free from cares that hedge the way,
And, face to face, behold a summer day!

THE GIFT OF A MAHOGANY CHAIR.

[Lines written to accompany a gift from the Spokane Teachers to Mr. D. Bemiss upon his resignation as City Superintendent, 1899.]

BEAUTIFUL wood from a tropical clime,
Keep all your dreams of a sweet summertime.
Open your arms when our Friend would repose,
Then all your rapture of sunshine disclose.
Spread overhead all the blue of your sky,
Languidly limitless, heavenly high.
Breathe in your depths from the slope where you stood
Balm of the spices and odorous wood.
Let the bright birds of your habitat sing,
Fanning his cheek with a magical wing.
Flowering fancies and slumberous vine
Bowers of beauty around him entwine.
Then, may the faces of friends he has known
Flash in the light of thy Memory's zone.
Be like the islands of Araby blest,—
Life's "Sleepy Hollow," a haven of rest!

ONLY A PARAGRAPH.

[Read at the Hotel Spokane at a reception given by the Spokane Teachers to welcome the new City Superintendent, J. F. Saylor, 1899.]

ONLY a paragraph—"Gone to Spokane"!
Then all the fun and the music began.
All of the school-ma'ams were on the qui vive,—
Those he would come to, and those he would leave.
What was the town, and O, was it so queer?
Did they have bear meat each day in the year?
Did they have beets,—one could fill a whole pot,
Hundred-pound pumpkins, big trees, and what not?
Did all the rivers run teeming with trout,
Begging the angler to just fish them out?
"Wonderland" circulars boasted of fruit;
Deer stalked about and implored you to shoot;
Silver and gold fairly sprouted and grew;
Cloudless the skies of cerulean blue;
Fabulous fields waved the wealth of their grain.
Did I hear somebody call it Spokāne?
Did the men dress in those leathery things,
Picturesque leggins with numberless strings?
Did they have street-cars, or sidewalks, or lights?
Did he expect to see Indian fights?
My! but the West was so woolly and wild,—
How could they ever become reconciled!

We—who imagined ourselves civilized—
Hearing the questions might well be surprised.
Most of our queries in one key-note ran,—
Is he, oh, is he an unmarried man?

Second to this was the problem, no doubt,
Would he propose that the Board turn us out?
Would he be pleasant, or pompous and grim?
Would we be crushed when we dared look at him?
Providence favored us, so did the Board;
All apprehensions were promptly ignored.
Feeling assured of a friendly support,
We are encouraged to still "hold the fort."
Meeting the affable glance of the eye,
We faced about, who at first thought to fly.
And to avoid matrimonial strife,
Heaven ordains he possesses a wife!
Bright be the hearth where her genius presides,
Though all the world may be dreary besides.
Dropping the wanderer's staff at the door,
Loosen the travel-stained sandals once more,
Lay down the burden of Pilgrim, and rest,
Sheltered and safe as the birds in a nest.
Then may it be your good fortune to find
New friends as dear as the ones left behind!

NIL DESPERANDUM.

WILL I give up the ship and be satisfied? Never!
I will cling to the deck of my one hope forever.

It will sink 'neath the wave? Let it sink! Where's the glory
Sailing over smooth seas till you're worn out and hoary?

I could coast near the shore if I only would choose it?
But I venture and lose,—if my fate be to lose it.

Better ships have gone down in a hopeless disaster?
Will the fact pull my ship to the bottom the faster?

I sail my own boat, and not one that is stranded,
And my crew is a crew that will not be disbanded.

I'll essay the deep sea, I will toss on the billow,
If I sink to my rest with the wave for a pillow.

In the teeth of the gale, tide and tempest before me,
I will never despair till the waters close o'er me!

OF WHAT AVAIL?

"Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past that she cannot destroy
That come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long, be my heart with such memories filled,
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled!
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will linger there still."

—Thomas Moore.

FATE has done her worst! and the relics of joy,
The dreams unfulfilled that she cannot destroy
Come back in the dark like the ghosts of the dead,
Unbidden, unwelcome, the spirit has fled!
Could the loved ones who passed to the echoless shore
Come back to the desolate hearthstone once more,
In the garments they wore in their last dreamless rest,
The hand loosely holding the rose on the breast,
With the coin-weighted eyes and the poor, pallid feet—
O, say! would you hasten the vision to greet?
As you pressed the dumb lips with your piteous kiss,
Would it solace your heart for the lost living bliss?
The cold, pulseless fingers you clasped in your own—
For what perished glow could their death-chill atone?
O, sweet breath of roses that never will die,
Why cling round the spot where the heart fragments lie?
Why haunt with the visions of what might have been
When the faintest regret were a shame or a sin?
Why gaze on the features that joy used to wear?
No vestige of hope for the future is there.
Return, O, return to thy breathless repose
Till the last trumpet call shall thine eyelids unclose,
Till the glad thrill of life through thy being shall run,
And we know and are known in the new life begun.

THE GREATEST FAITH.

THERE is a faith that yields a trembling hand
With fainting heart,—consenting to be led,
Shrinking with fear, along a desert sand
While blazing skies arch o'er the dizzy head;—
A faith that dares not falter though it would,
Holds on to Christ simply because it must,
Treads anxiously along the way it should,
Weary, complaining, ankle-deep in dust.

There is a faith, in tempest and amaze,
Follows the voice of tenderness and love;
Trusts as it could not in the noon-tide's blaze,
Hearing the guiding accents from above;
Which plants its feet along an untrod path
With firm resolve, yields to the will of God,—
That fears no skies of fury and of wrath,
But with calm courage greets the humbling rod.

A greater faith is that which just holds still,
Stands like a rock in darkness and alone.
No hand-clasp strengthens, and no love-tones fill
The empty silence; yet it makes no moan.
There is no promise upon which to rest,—
Only a blank of motionless despair.
A tender child, torn from the parent breast,
Obeys the mandate, "Till I come, stand there!"

FOR SOME OF THE GIRLS.

[Read at a Reunion of former students of Rockford College, held in Seattle.]

PUT that wise book away we were reading last night,—
With our glasses inside! We've attained second sight.
For those rubbishy slippers, we care not a fig.
And you never would guess that gray hair was a wig.
With their Frenchified heels, bring the dainty bootees,
And with braided brown tress we'll appear, if you please.
A pencil will make all the crow-feet we wore,—
Turn the gas down a little; you'll see them no more.
That sober alpaca, that serge, or that silk
Is muslin or suisse or a robe of that ilk.
Those false teeth we left in a mug on the shelf,
And these are our own for we cut them our **self.**
Those matronly forms have grown lissom and slight.
We are girls, only girls, on a frolic tonight.
Young ladies and gentlemen, step to the wall.
We'll turn a deaf ear if you venture to call.
Your mothers? O, no! we are girls once again,
And view from afar those incumbrances—men!
I hear the bell ring. Catch your book up, and run!
If you're late to your lessons, you'll find it no fun.
There's the call to reports to be followed by prayers,
You'll not be excused if you run up the stairs.
You answer the roll-call with courage sublime,
For you **sat** on the book for the requisite time.
If taken to task, you will settle the score,—
"Why, I spent **on** the lesson two hours or more!"
In our rooms, on the shelves, just survey all the books.
How stupendously learned that lexicon looks!
The psychology stares, and the logic looks glum,
And that horrid translation refuses to "come."
Just hear those pianos! Each one plays a key
And a tune all its own with demoniac glee.

There's the tiresome beginner in old Number Nine
With "one-and-" and "two-and-" for line upon line;
In the basement, an alto is toning to "sca";
In the library, some one is trilling to "la";
From somewhere or other, an unearthly yell
Proclaims the aspiring young vocalist, Belle.

There's a soft ting-a-ling, and 'tis somebody's beau
Conceals his identity in "Cousin (?) Joe."
We tease. She explains:—"We've a family tree
Dating back to old Adam. Now, girls, don't you see?
But hush! and don't lisp it, and don't make a noise!
He's one of the Junior Beloit College boys!"

The supper-bell rings. Grab your napkin and run.
You must be in your seat ere the grace is begun.
In breathless devotion, you lower your head,
But look out askance when the first word is said.
'Tis a **man** that is speaking! Your finger tips thrill
As you see the phenomenon there by Miss Sill.

You growl at the food. Why, all girls do the same.
It relieves the monotony,—makes it less tame.
Tonight we will feast at recess, if you please;
In our room, we will have toasted cracker and cheese.
There are crumbs of a fruit-cake, some apples and things,
And we'll banquet on these till the tardy-bell rings.
And if we have dreams most unpleasant to tell,
If eyes without glasses conspire to rebel,
If gray hairs come back as intending to stay,
If the weary feet leave the French heels by the way,
If our new teeth drop down in a tumbler to soak,
If diaphanous dresses just vanish in smoke,
If young men and women **will** call us mamma,
And dub that strange gentleman there as papa,
We'll say 't was the cheese that we ate on the sly,—
Any old physiology 'll tell you just why!

A FRAGMENT.

"Sleep that knits up the raveled sleave of care."
—Shakespeare.

THE editor dreams at appropriate season,
And writes out his dream without much rhyme or reason.
The butcher hears bleatings,—the slain kids pursue him.
Were the baker's dream true, such a loaf would undo him.
The hotel-keeper madly is chewing on beefsteaks.
The jockey lad rides his nightmare for a sweepstakes.
In unparsable English, the school-teacher mutters,
And the radical signs kick their heels as she sputters.
The doctor is forced to accept his own doses
While his numerous patients hold grave diagnoses.
The lawyer is followed at night by his clients.
Geological ghosts haunt the pillow of science.
Even ministers own an occasional vision
That hails from a region not strictly Elysian.
O, Sleep, balmy Sleep! why confuse us with errors,
And weave round our pillows unspeakable terrors?
Knit up "raveled sleaves" with some stitches of beauty.
Let us know once a day that old Care is off duty!

For My Children

TO MY DAUGHTER.

(Bertha Elizabeth Archer.)

O LITTLE maiden with the nut-brown eyes,
Whose childish lips can frame such sweet replies,—
Whose dimpled hand against my cheek is pressed,
Thy young head pillowed on thy mother's breast!
What is in store for thee, my pretty bird,
Whose advent in my daily life has stirred
A depth of holy tenderness and love,—
A joy all other earthly joys above?
Who, who shall give thy outlook into life
Only a blur of weariness and strife?
May none! The rather let thy dreaming be
That life is one glad, joyous mystery.
The world is beautiful, my darling child.
Bright skies await thee as have ever smiled;
Joy shall attend thee on thy onward way,
And fond words many loving lips shall say.
And thou canst make thyself a honey bee
To cull the sweets from every flow'r you see.
Whatever path these cunning feet shall tread,
Humble or high the roof-tree o'er thy head,
That lot, that home, seek to adorn and bless,
And life can be not all quite comfortless.
Do good, unmindful of the time and place,—
'Twill keep the wrinkles from thy sunny face.
Be thankful if the Lord has given thee
A warm, true heart, brim full of sympathy.
Then, when thy mother's eyes are dimmed and dead,
A few poor feet of earth above her head,
Her pulseless heart, no loving to bestow,
Methinks, e'en in my grave, that I shall know
One sleepless eye eternal vigil keeps
About my baby while her mother sleeps.
And wheresoe'er thy lot in life be cast,
Keep happy-hearted, darling, to the last.
And let no gladness pass thee overhead
That thou mayst make thy very own instead.
Thou wilt be cared for in some loving way:
God heeds I know, and something human may.

FOR MY LITTLE QUESTIONER.

(George Bryant Archer.)

An Old Story Re-told.

MY little boy, with eager, asking eyes,
Climbs to my knee in smiling confidence.
"Mamma, and what is God?" he, fearless, cries,—
A puzzle surely to our finite sense.
"God is your Maker, darling; and he holds
The ocean in the hollow of his hand.
He sets the glittering worlds in starry folds,
And angels guard us at his least command."

"I never saw him, mamma! and the stars
Have always been. I cannot understand!"
"There is a Ruler. There is nothing mars
The perfect working of a perfect plan.
Last Christmas when you, laughing gaily, went
To search my stocking after yours was done,
You found this watch, big as a copper cent,
That still keeps time as duly as the sun.
You never thought it **happened** to be there,
It always was, it never had been made!
Even a child would know a loving care
Placed it on purpose where 'twas safely laid,—
That some one made it, though you could not find
The hand that set the tiny wheels in place.
So is there a Creator. We are blind.
Our earthly eyes cannot behold his face."

THE FIREFLY DANCE.

SIT on the doorstep, blithe blue eyes,
And see the dance of the fireflies.
Night comes down on the little farm,
Dark and quiet and dewy and warm.
Now are the firefly lamps alight,
Flashing uncertain, surprisingly bright.
Over the grass and the teeter log,
Timing the tune of the jingling frog;
Threading the maze of the apple boughs,
Over the backs of the lazy cows;
Dazzling old Dobbin's eyes at the bars
With the vagrant gleam of their fitful stars;
Down in the depths of the currant bush;—
Over the poppies and pinks they rush;
Crossing the sun-flower's yellow disc;
Into the pansies' eyes they whisk;
Round by the well and the garden wall;
Here on the top of the roof-tree tall;
In and out of the breathless swing,—
Noiseless, tireless, and swift of wing!
Crossing the road and into the lane;
Round and about the dizzy vane;
Into the dove-cote; out of the hay;
Through the hedge where katy-dids stay;
There by the hawthorn, two or three deep;
Into the nook where the willows weep;
Into the wood-pile; into the vine;
Dodging the evergreen needles of pine;
Under the grindstone; over the churn,
Just wherever you chance to turn,
There the glimmering torch you see
Where you the least expect it to be,—
Only an instant! Then out of sight.
More to the left; no, more to the right!
All night long their dance they keep
While we lie dreaming and fast asleep.
Giddy old revelers! night after night
They silently whirl till the dawn of the light.
And the band of frogs plays merrily through,
By way of refreshments, a bumper of dew.
Now, run to bed; and if your eye wakes,
List to the music the orchestra makes.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BROWN BEE.

"I HAVE nothing to do!" buzzed the little Brown Bee,
As he flew toward his home in the old hollow tree;
"Do the asters hold honey? Just try them and see.
Or the gentian and golden-rod? Ask any bee.
The autumn has blossoms rich royal in hue,
Not worth one white clover bloom's sweet drop of dew.
My nose is most frozen: my business is lost!
The nectar is gone, and the dew is all frost.
Dearie me! but my feet are quite stiff with the cold,
And my wings are so blue that they scarcely will fold.
I am glad I have honey to last until Spring,
While we stay snugly housed, and cannot try a wing!
That's the jolliest tree, and my honey is gold.
We'll be safe from the tempest and bitterest cold."

And what did he find when he came to the tree
But his wife and his children as scared as could be.
For while he had been on this journey—the last,—
It chanced that, in search of a meal, there had passed
An old, lazy, horrid, contemptible bear
With a fearfully impudent, swaggering air.
AND HE ATE EVERY DROP! What a monster indeed!
And devoured the comb with unsatisfied greed.
So the little Brown Bees were all huddled together,
And were turned out to starve in the Thanksgiving weather.
And they grew very numb with the frost and the fear.
"Bum, bum!" cried a voice; "What's the matter down here?

So, ho! Mr. Bruin has robbed the Brown Bee.
Wake up, brother Brown! You shall share my own tree.
I remember so well when the ants bothered me,
How you patiently helped me. Wake up, brother Bee!"
And he beat the Brown Bee till you'd think he was frantic,
And laugh till you cried at each furious antic.

But he woke them all up, and he made them all follow
In the truest bee-line to his home in the hollow.
And there they are, up to their noses in honey,
With their hearts full of love, which is better than money,
And if they don't have a good time this Thanksgiving,
Another bear robs them as sure as I'm living.

The moral is easily, speedily told.
Kind words and kind actions are better than gold.
The happiest holiday his is, I know,
Who spends part of his substance to make others so.

THE BUTTERCUP.

O THE bright golden buttercup! lifting its face
To gladden the eyes in the lowliest place.
'Tis the type of contentment. It laughs from the sod—
'Tis the child of the sun! 'Tis the smile of our God!

"TEE WEE."

OYES! our "Tee Wee" is dead.
She met her fate, a broken head!
Her gaiter boots and tiny feet,
Her hands and arms so pink and sweet,
Departed life some months before.
But while the legless body bore
Its pretty head, you could but see
'Twas dear as doll could ever be.
'Twas sung to sleep in cradled ease;
It never missed a kiss or squeeze,
A loving pat, or brand-new bow
Because it lived dismembered so.
A tinkling crash, a-lack-a-day!
And Tee Wee's head in fragments lay.
The first great grief, my little girl's,
To see the shattered golden curls,
A pert, retrousse roguish nose,
A half a cheek like half a rose,
A dimpled chin and mouth in two,
In atoms wondering eyes of blue,—
Not e'en an eyebrow whole and fair,
Or china lock of golden hair.
With hosts of dollies gone before,
To swell their ranks with one doll more,
With countless throngs, our Tee Wee slept,
But not, oh, me! unsung, unwept.
Come, darling, dry those streaming eyes.
Another doll you soon will prize.
You had the toy for many days.
It shared your sleep, your joys, your plays;

It always lent a ready ear,
Your tales of childish woe to hear.
A poet found, at painful cost,
" 'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."
You'll find it true whate'er befall!
Your pain at childhood's woes and fears
Is prophet of your later years.
We hold our treasures close and warm,
We shield from shame, from wrath and storm.
And when we part, as part we must,
For living love, or death and dust,
We find a sweet, consoling thought
In all the happy past they brought.
Come, sweetheart, sob no more, I pray!
These words I calmly smile and say
Possess no meaning in your ear.
Then hush, another tale to hear!
I'll bring another doll complete,
With head and arms and hands and feet.
Run skipping down that grassy way,
And join the other girls at play.

TO MY GRANDSON,

George Bryant Windust, Age One and One-Half.
With the gift of a silver knife and fork.

SIT up at the table;
Don't spill all your broth;
Look sweet if you're able;
Don't spatter the cloth;
Look well to your manners;
Don't poke out your eyes!
If babies win banners,
You're bound for the prize.
Don't squall for your dinner,
But patiently wait;
A squaller 's a sinner,
'Tis sad to relate.
You're the daintiest darling
E'er came from the storks,—
But remember **your** fingers
Weren't "made before forks"!
And then, in due season,
You'll flourish a knife;
Don't use without reason,
Or lick, for your life.
And don't be forgetting
You never must pout,
And there'll be no regretting
When you are about.
Grow strong, wise, and healthy
Whatever the fare,
And have, poor or wealthy,
Enough and to spare!

THE STAR.

O, LITTLE star in yonder wide expanse,
Whose blinking eye is watching me askance,
What art thou seeking in the realms of space
That thou has time to scan my upturned face?
What duty holds thee to thy endless round
Among revolving spheres that make no sound,
Yet still their ceaseless avocations ply
Beneath the blaze of one unsleeping eye?
A world? a sun? O, no! be just a spark
That I am watching in the speechless dark,—
A twinkling star! a diamond in the sky
Upheld by angel fingers far on high!
Unfathomed mystery of childhood's dreams,
Undimmed, unquenched, save by the morning beams!

THE ROSE.

I LOVE the wild rose with its chalice of sweets,
The perfume it breathes, the welcome it meets;
Its satin-like leaves traced with delicate veins;
Its soft, silky cobwebs; its gems after rains.
The wayside wild rose with a beautiful cheek,—
Its dimple as deep as a humming-bird's beak,—
Its heart full of honey, its eyes full of dew,—
Oh! who'd be a wild rose? I would! Wouldn't you?

A REVERIE.

(Clara Bell Goodlander, a niece.)

A LITTLE girl sits on her grandmother's knee,
As blithe as a bird, and as rich as a bee.
She has two bonny eyes,
And such bonny brown hair!
Her lips are like honey,
Her cheek like a pear.
Her limber, lithe limbs
And her slender child-form,
As I think of them now,
Make my eyes wet and warm.
She's a dear little thing!
And her sunshiny face
Brings summer-like comfort
About the old place.
O, my sweet little Belle!
How my heart turns to you
On this morning of sunshine
Of balm and of dew!
And I long for a glance
From those two bonny eyes,
A sip from the lips,
And the child-like replies.
O, would that soft cheek
Were now pressed against mine,—
That the loving young arms
Round my neck could entwine,—
That these tear-drops might fall,
Like twin pearls on your hair,
And could crown you with joy
As they hung trembling there!

The Inland Empire

Between the Rockies and the Cascades.

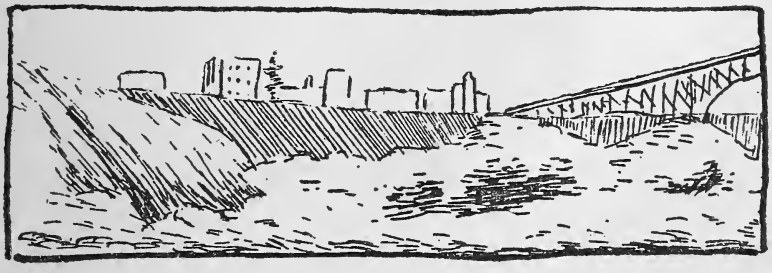
THE PEERLESS SPOKANE.

Prize Poem. One Hundred Contestants. Auspices of "The Spokesman-Review."

O BEAUTIFUL river, sweep into the west
With the shadow of cedar and fir on thy breast;
With the glint of the green in thy cool, crystal wave
Thou hast stolen from hills that thy swift waters lave.

In the lake, hill-encircled, thy rushing rills meet,—
Down, down from the heights come their hurrying feet.
The heart of the mountains, thy bright torrent drains,
Thy sources lie deep in the dim Coeur d'Alenes.
Convulsions volcanic thy stern bed have made.
In basalt and granite, thy couch has been laid;
'Tis veined with the onyx and 'broidered with gold,
And into its gorges, thy liquid life rolled.

High over thy head, croons the sentinel pine.
Deep into thy bosom, the watchful stars shine.
The tamaracks gaze on thy foam-covered face,
And shivering stand in the breath of thy race.
Columbia thunders; its echoes invite;
Deep answers to deep in the cataract's might.
Speed on to thy nuptials, exulting in pride,
And the peerless Spokane is Columbia's bride!



ODE FOR THE GODDESS OF PLENTY.

Spokane Fruit Fair, 1897.

PROUD Inland Empire of the great Northwest,
Throw wide thy portals at the Queen's behest!
Thy teeming fields wave with their wealth of grain.
Thy orchards hoard the sunshine and the rain.
With flashing fin thy foaming waters shine.
Deep in thy rocky bosom waits the mine.
The cattle graze upon thy thousand hills.
Abundant game the sportsman's fancy thrills.
Thy forests fan the air with breath of balm.
And Heaven above thee bends, serenely calm.
I, Plenty's goddess, step from Grecian lore
To view the land that owns my sway once more.
Come from the hills and vales to join my train,—
I pause to more than bless thee,— to remain!
My halls are open to each welcome guest.
The half has not been told. Seek thou the rest.

—Given by Miss Blalock of Walla Walla.

ODE NUMBER TWO.

1898.

ANOTHER year of garnered hopes,
Of bending boughs on orchard slopes,
Of stubble fields where Ceres reigns,
Of bursting barns, and stagg'ring wains.
The tardy sun seeks southern skies,
And Hesperus is quick to rise.
When all Creation's work was planned,
And Nature tried her master hand,
In the far Occident she played
A thousand pranks by Fancy made.
She sent her fires with lurid glow
To lift the hills to meet the snow.
And back the crumpled rocks unrolled,—
She veined them with her molten gold,
She cleft the rampart rocks in two,
And poured her dashing waters through;
Hollowed the mountain tarn its bed;
And raised the pine tree's stately head.
Through centuries of patient toil,
She ground the rocks, she spread the soil.
Frost, fire and flood, their duty done,
There lay beneath the setting sun
The Inland Empire's proud domain,—
Hill, river, forest, fertile plain,
Unoccupied for ages still,
Awaiting Mother Nature's will.
No idler, she! her patient grace
Evolved at last the chosen race.

From alien sources, blood she drew
To course its sturdy manhood thro'.
She mingled in its crimson tide
The purest strains of truth and pride;
To the far west its steps beguiled,
And all the land looked up and smiled.
What Marcus Whitman prophesied,
He won us by his winter's ride.
Brave martyr priest! thy anxious cares
Have blossomed into answered prayers!

We know no boundary marks today,
Sordid distinctions melt away.
There waves the gallant Union Jack;
The Stars and Stripes wave answer back.
Imaginary lines are run:
We hold the Inland Empire one.

—Given by Miss Kate Hogan, "Katherine Ridgway," of Colfax, Washington.

ODE NUMBER THREE, 1899.

"In the myth of the 'Sleeping Beauty,' the earth-goddess sinks into her long, winter sleep when pricked by the point of the spindle. In her cosmic palace, all is locked in icy repose until the kiss of the golden-haired sun-god re-awakens life and activity."—Myths and Mythology, John Fiske.

FAR in the west a princess grew
With shining eyes of heavenly blue,
With wind-blown locks of golden tress,
And sun-kissed cheek of loveliness.
But cruel spirits rode the blast,
And icy fetters held her fast.
One lancer poised his ready dart,
And aimed to strike the maiden's heart:
A fairy turned the stroke aside,
And so she slept who must have died.

Soft ermine canopies of snow
Wrapped all the breathless world below.
The guards were hushed. Eternal Love
Set countless stars to watch above.
In his good time, the Prince drew nigh.
The Princess breathed a happy sigh;
She stirred her coverlet of snow;
Her frozen pulse began to glow.
His warm, red kiss on brow and lip
Let every icy fetter slip.
She sprang to life as fair as free,
And all her court held jubilee.
The sentries started from repose;
In every glade, green lances rose;
The flowers their finest dresses donned;
The birds their sweetest love-notes conned;
The nodding warders of the wood
Proclaimed the tidings,—"It is good!"
The mountains doffed their hoods of snow;
The mists held carnival below;

The fountains wove a bridal wreath;
The clod stirred with the life beneath;
The rivers on their errands ran:
The miracle of spring began.
Hand clasped in hand, the lovers walked.
Heaven bent and listened while they talked.
Their tripping feet but touched the sod,—
It lifted thankful hands to God!
They looked with eyes love-lit and bright,
And all the fields were bathed in light!
They sighed, they breathed their mutual prayers,—
You read them in the scented airs!
And Hermes,* herdsman of the skies,
To the celestial milking hies;
His cloud-like cattle heard his call,
And rains and dews began to fall.
The earth ran o'er with bud and bloom
And blushing fruits that pushed for room.
The shimmer of the panting noon
Beheld the world with bliss aswoon.
But now the fields are reaped and bare.
A threat of frost is in the air.
The Princess draws her mantle's fold,
And shivers, shrinking from the cold.
She sees her subjects steal away,
And hide them in their coats of gray.
She gazes in the Prince's eyes
With eloquence of mute surprise.
He smiles, and waits the lancer's dart
To ward the blow aimed at her heart.
She'll sleep the dreamless sleep of death:
He'll wake her with the April breath.
Of Prince and Princess both bereft,
Take thou the bounty they have left.
Our land with milk and honey sweet,
Let Plenty crown the year complete.

*Note: "To the ancients, the clouds were no vaporized bodies of water: they were cows driven to the milking by Hermes, the summer wind."—Fiske.

—Given by Miss Goldie Amos of Colfax.

Songs

ARBOR DAY SONG.

Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

IN the ground we plant the rootlets of the future forest trees,
And we leave the slender saplings to the sunshine and the breeze,
And the gentle rain of Springtime;—and we trust that all of these
Will make the trees grow on!

Chorus.

Let us plant the trees together,
In the mild and balmy weather.
May their branches wave forever!
God make the trees grow on!

In the friendly mould we muffle all the tender little feet;
They will creep into earth's bosom, finding juices, strong and sweet,
That will pour life-giving currents, making twig and leaf complete,
While the trees are growing on.

God will send his gracious sunshine and his benisons of dew,
And the sky shall bend above them with its depths of arching blue,
And the rain refresh their life-blood with a richness ever new,—
The trees will still grow on.

Let the raging storm but strengthen, as the branches toss on high!
Let the trembling leaves as praying hands be lifted to the sky!
Let the little birds that haunt them swell the chorus joyfully,—
And the trees grow grandly on!

FLAG SONG.

Tune: "Marching Through Georgia."

BRING the good old banner boys, the emblem of the free;
Fling its starry folds abroad, that all the world may see:
So, it floated proudly o'er the sons of liberty,
When they were fighting for freedom.

Chorus.

Behold! behold! the flag that floats above,
And cheer, and cheer the stars and stripes we love!
How the Revolutionary soldiers won the day,
When they were fighting for freedom!

Here we see the scarlet stripe that tells of gallant blood,
Poured on many a battle-field, a patriotic flood,
Dewing with its gushing tide the heroes of the sea
When they were fighting for freedom.

White betokens purity, the emblem of the brave,
Dying for a principle that all the world may save,
Pure in heart and purpose sank the heroes to the grave,
When they were fighting for freedom.

Blue the skies above us are, and gemmed with starry light;
Blue for truth to God and man, triumphant for the right.
Red and white and blue they chose, those heroes of the fight,
Chose for the badge of a freeman.

CLASS SONG FOR COMMENCEMENT.

Dayton High School, 1893.

Tune: "The Old Oaken Bucket."

Motto: "Out of the harbor, out on the ocean."

WHEN out of the harbor, we sail on the ocean,
Fond memory follows us over the seas;
It laughs at the wind and the waters' commotion,
It rides on the storm, and it sings in the breeze.
It broods with dark wing o'er the mariner's pillow,
It brings back the visions of youth to the soul,
It breasts the bold front of each foam-crested billow,
It silences fear when the mad waters roll.

O, sad is the day when the farewells are spoken,
Tho' favoring breezes waft out from the shore!
The hands fall apart, and the heart-links are broken;
The old times and places will know us no more.
And when life is over, our frail barks are stranded,
Where, where will the port of each mariner be?
In Heavenly havens may each one be landed
Who sails from the harbor and out on the sea!

CLASS SONG.

Dayton High School, Class 1909.

Motto: "We have launched, but not harbored."

Colors: White and gold.

Flower: White carnation.

Colors of outgoing class (1908): Crimson and gray.

Air: "Schooldays."

LAUNCHED on a bright, smiling ocean,
Coasting along the shore,
Out on the sea,
For you and for me,
Loudly the waves may roar!
Here's to our gallant companions,—
Hail to the crimson and gray!
In cap and gown,
They'll do it up brown.
We'll follow suit some day.

Chorus.

Hello! Well, O!
Be a jolly fellow!
We are all comrades of nineteen-nine,
Facing the music, and all in line.
Here's to the stuff we tried to know—
Algebra, bot'ny, Cicero,
And to physics, geom—we love you so,
When we are a-making our grades!

(Air to chorus repeated to following:)

Admiration
For the white carnation!
Seniors and juniors and sophomores,
Freshmen, who vote all the rest of us bores;
We'll lead the line with white and gold
Nailed to the mast when sails unfold,
And we'll steer far away to ports untold,
When we have done making our grades.

CAMP SONG, NO. 1.

Tune: "Old Kentucky Home."

THE sun shines bright on the shores of Newman Lake;
'Tis summer, vacation is here.
The pine trees nod to the music that we make,
And the lake lies mirror-like and clear.
The mountains stand with their heads against the sky,
Old Baldy looks over them all,
The snowy clouds drift their fleets of fleeces by,
And the wild loon laughs his crazy call.

Chorus.

Weep no more my lady, weep no more today!
We will sing one song for the shores of Newman Lake,
And for Rosebank Cottage on the bay.

On moonlight nights o'er the waters we will row,
And gaily our voices will chime,
While the banjo thrums, and the echoes seem to know
How to follow the tune and the time.
When the nights are dark, and the mountain air is chilled,
The starlight uncanny in ray,
On bold Beaupoint, such a camp-fire we will build
That the glow makes bright Diana Bay.

The painted boats ride at anchor in the bay,
Inviting the stroke of the oar,
And Lynx Point beach holds the bathers in its sway
In the afternoon just at four.
The twin-flowers bloom in the dells of Tanglewood,
And perfume the wood-scented air.
The princess pine droops its pearly-tinted hood,
And the woodland ways are passing fair.

CAMP SONG, NO. 2.

Tune: "Solomon Levi."

WE'RE camping up at Newman Lake;
We rustle for our grub;
We row across to Muzzy's ranch
In Mrs. Archer's tub.
It's there we buy our milk and eggs
And vegetables so fine,
Our peas and beans and chicken, too,
For Sundays when we dine.

Chorus.

O, Stella and Ada, tra, la, la, la, la, la,
Harold and Clara, tra, la, etc.
There's George and Bertha Archer, O,
And Mrs. Archer, too,
Miss Peters, and so many folks
We don't know what to do.

And twice a week with flour-sacks,
We seek the lower lake,—
And make a raid on Wendler's ranch
To see what we can take.
We teeter on the joggly log,
And scamper along the road
For butter, jelly, bread and "stuff,"
For every one a load.

The sand-bake just across the lake,
Where "hunks" and "gobs" are spread,
Potatoes, chickens, sandwiches,
And pickles and cake are fed.

A freezer full of cream appears
When everything else is done.
We sit right down and gobble it up
Beneath the setting sun.

We soon shall say good-bye to this,
And travel along to town,
And lay aside our rags and tags,
And sit in a Sunday gown.
We'll black our boots and crimp our hair,
To civilization hang,
The bath-tub take the place of the lake,—
We'll struggle to drop the slang.

Note: Written by request of the young folks, embodying some of the favored camp expressions. "Miss Peters" was the one who never passed things at the table. She was always there.

STRIKE FOR CUBA.

(Written at the request of the late Professor Franz Muller, who set the words to inspiring music of his own composition. Sung during the Spanish-American War.)

THERE'S a mad clash of arms
That is borne from afar;
There's a wild wail of woe
'Neath a flag's single star:
And the heart of the nation
Repeats the refrain,
Crying—Help, help for Cuba!
Defiance to Spain!

Chorus.

Strike! strike! strike the blow for Cuba,
Gem of the southern seas!
Fling the starry banner out to catch heavenly breeze,—
Bring the foe to freedom down upon his haughty knees!
Strike for the freedom of Cuba!

Her fields are unreaped,
For the reapers lie low
Where they fell in the fight,
Or they crouch for the foe.
From the desolate land,
Cries the blood of the slain,
And its crimson tide clamors
Defiance to Spain.

Where the sugar-cane stood,
Stand the ranks of cold steel,
And the cotton-fields lie
'Neath the patriot's heel.
In her harbor is sinking
The wreck of the Maine,—
Her avengers are screaming
Defiance to Spain!

Miscellaneous

WHITTIER.

DEAR poet, dead, but living still
In every written word,
Thy fancies woven into song,
Our better thoughts have stirred.
With thee, we tread the breezy hills,
Or walk the lowland sod.
We learn to read from Nature's book,
And look to Nature's God.
We see the dazzling skies of blue,
And feel the breath of flowers,
Or wander over snowy ways
In winter's icy hours.
The cottage hearth is wide enough
To warm us with its blaze,
The country school-house lets us in,—
We know it "In Schooldays."

ASPIRATIONS.

IT is, oh! to be a poet,
And to let the people know it!
With the tingle
Of a jingle
In a quiver on my tongue-tip all the while!
To be seated at the table
With a novelist like Cable,
And with laughter
Shake the rafter,
With Mark Twain to make us audibly asmile.

It is, oh! to have the lasses
Making pretty little passes
With the lining
Intertwining
All the dainty little motions of the hand!
Their distinct articulations,
And their crude gesticulations,
With their poses,
And their roses,
Making mine the sweetest poems ever planned.

And to have the latest paper
Taking up my fancy's caper.
No post mortem
As they sort 'em,
And no terrible waste-basket holding mine!
And no typo dare to blunder,
Sound and sentiment to sunder,
Which he scatters,
Torn to tatters
By the merciless disjointing of a line.

But however much a poet,
There will no one ever know it.
Fancies thronging,
Love and longing,
And heroic deeds of sacrifice all fail.
So I will not waste my passion
In a wild, regretful fashion,
But retiring
Non aspiring,
Find some other line of action to prevail.

THE SOLDIER'S BIRTHDAY.

(1862.)

"I WAS brought to the hospital not long ago,
And my birthday comes round in this hot-bed of woe.
'Tis my twenty-first birthday. I now am a man.
I've scarce seen the sands of my life as they ran.
Unlike the fond dreams that have ravished my thought
In days long gone by, this birthday is wrought
With moans from the dying, the wounded, the ill,—
And patterned in phantom-like forms, ghostly still.

"I long for a word of my father's advice;
For my mother to season my portion of rice;
For my sister to smooth with her little soft hand
The brow of the soldier, once youthful and tanned
But strangely old now, wrinkled, sallow and thin,
No beauty without and a sharp pain within.
How I wish that my darling wee brother were here!
(It cannot be foolish, this one burning tear!)
The dauby old whitewash would bloom as it smiled
At the clear, ringing laugh of an innocent child.

"Well, well! is this life to lie sorrowing here,
Familiar with anguish, with death and the bier?
Is it manhood to lie all day long, with my face
Turning tow'rd that high window—the only bright place?
That patch of blue sky has told stories to me
Till I longed to be out with the glad and the free.
And sometimes a bird darts across the light space,
And a swift, restless shadow sweeps over my face.

"Mother told me last year I was always too wild,
A daring, unsteady, impetuous child.
Ah! could she but see her poor soldier boy now,
She would think he was sobered in earnest, I vow!
And this is my twenty-first birthday, indeed!
On the thread of my life lies another dark bead.
Another sad year is begun—and to end
God only knows where. May his goodness defend!

"I shall walk in the dark with thunder o'erhead.
Wrath, ruin and wreck fill the path I must tread.
What a baby I am!—Hark! Did the drums beat?—
Oh!—a funeral march and a winding sheet!
My eyes—they are dim!—In the thick of the fray—
I—must—sleep—" In a half-puzzled, wearisome way,
His head with its tangle of short, auburn curls,
Fell aside; his cheek, smooth and white as a girl's,
Grew pink for an instant,—a spasm of pain
Swept over it once, then vanished again,
A dreamy smile chasing it swiftly away.
A sunbeam came, kissing his lips as he lay.

His blue eyes slept well, for they never awoke.
Those were the last words the poor soldier-boy spoke.
None knew when the Angel came quietly by.
He died with his face tow'rd that patch of blue sky.

JUNE.

O MONTH of roses ever sweet,
O skies where shade and sunshine meet,
O dusky woods so cool and rare,
Ye lifting hillsides green and fair,
Ye waters dimpling on the sand,
Ye starlit evenings, still and grand,
Gay, warbling bird with sweeping wing,
Breathe beauty to the song I sing!

While none can hope for cloudless life,
Free from all care or toil or strife,
May some fair seasons still attend
When June's ripe roses nod and bend;
When skies oft shaded, still are bright
With the warm sunshine's golden light;
When woods once leafless, dead, and brown,
In silence sift the sunbeams down;
When hillsides, sloping from the skies,
Shall greet the eye in pleased surprise;
When evening's pensive shadows weave
A calm o'er days we're loth to leave;
And when some bird we love to hear
Sings soothing measures to the ear!

Oh! never may the life grow cold
To tender dreams, or new, or old.
But ever may the heart's quick beat,
The tell-tale cheek, its sudden heat,
The sparkling eye, the burning palm,
The voice disdaining to be calm,

The teardrops rushing to upstart,
The eager lips throbbing apart
Attest some new sensation crossed
Or old emotion never lost.

But not the less, O God, may we
Draw nearer in our lives to thee!
And though the storm of care and pain
Beat pitiless as bitter rain,
May we in hope and faith draw near,—
Though oft, perchance, half faint with fear,
Weary with disappointments sore,
Sighing for dreams now ours no more.
Through darkness, woe and dropping tear,
O, Father, let Thy face appear!
Let Thy great love, like one bright star,
Beam on us kindly from afar!
To heav'nly harps our songs attune,
And lead where life is always June.

THE MORNING OF LIFE, AND THE NIGHT OF DEATH.

THE sunshine streamed through the open door,
Weaving fanciful shapes on the oaken floor;
There were crosses and bars,
And sparkling stars;
There were laces of gold and showers of gems
That flashed in their shadowy diadems.

The tree-tops swooned in the glowing air,
For noon-day's oppressive heat was there.
By the door-stone white
Fell the burning light
In ripples and waves of molten gold,
In sheets of brilliant splendor unrolled.

All was still as death, and the amber hue
Of silence had softened the heavens' own blue.
And Quiet, supreme,
Itself in a dream,
With its drowsy breath on the noonday air
Seemed a burden of heat and light to bear.

In a large arm-chair, a stool at her feet,
Sat a little child, her face so sweet!
Her eyes were closed.
Her head reposed
On the dimpled hand, all plump and white,
By a cloud of curls half hid from sight.

Round her cherry lips, played the dimples wee,
Now dancing in two, now flashing in three.

Her fair, round arm,
Her cheek's soft charm,
Her supple form in muslin dressed,—
No wonder the child was so much caressed!

'Neath her fairy limbs, one foot was curled
In the daintiest shoe in the wide, wide world.
The other, bare,
Was hanging there;
The stool was just touched by the tiny toe;—
What other stool was e'er favored so?

The years passed on in their hasty flight,
Now, flecking with shade,—now gilding with light.
There were smiles and tears;
There were joys and fears;
There were happy days, and days of despair,
With their deepening shades from the hand of Care.

The moonlight streamed through the open door,
Weaving fanciful shapes on the old, oak floor.
There were crosses and bars
And shining stars.
There were silvery laces and glimmering gems
That sparkled in shadowy diadems.

The tree-tops hushed in the glist'ning air,
For midnight's chilling breath was there.
By the door-stone white,
Fell the ghostly light.
In ripples and waves of a haunting gleam,
Through the misty air came the soft moonbeam.

All was still as death. On the hushed air,
Not an insect winged its pathway there.
Not a breath was heard,
Not a leaf was stirred.

Not a cricket chirped,—not a katydid's note,
And not even a thistle-down afloat!

Sat an aged saint by the open door.
Her knitting-work idly lay on the floor.
On a patient face,
In that lovely place,
Fell a veil of shining, silvery light
That toyed with gray hairs on the forehead white.

In each snowy thread, was a weight of age;
The marble face like a written page:
The withered hands,
Like broken wands,
Were folded together in peaceful grace,
A world of bliss in the pure, pale face.

The Angel of Death had visited there.
His victim sat in the old arm-chair.
His fearful spell
Over everything fell
In the corners dark of the old, low room,
And shrouded the quaint, high chairs in gloom.

Those ashen lips, half-parted in death,
The ruby ones, warm with youthful breath
Belong to the same.
The ancient dame
Is the child who smiled in the noon-day dream,
Now lying dead 'neath the midnight beam.

(1862.)

THE COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

HERE I can see a country graveyard, where
The rank, ripe grasses toss their plumy heads.
I clasp my hands, and through the preacher's prayer
My eyes are fixed upon those lowly beds.
The little church that stands so still and white,
With shining corn-fields waving all around
'Mid fertile farms, is such a peaceful sight
With its small square that forms the burying ground.
A prairie breeze sweeps through the single pine
That nods, and breathes a little shivering sigh;
It passes on to toy with yonder vine
And sweep o'er mounds where dreamless sleepers lie.
A shadow flits across the deep, cool grass,—
A cloud is floating overhead you know;
The field flowers lift to see the wand'rer pass,
And wave a welcome to its fleece of snow.
The butterflies atilt among the flow'rs
With noiseless wings their ceaseless motions ply,—
The fitting emblems that these souls of ours
Shall burst the cerements where the mortals lie.
The little birds last spring built in the hedge,
And reared their broods in undisturbed content;
Deserted nests hang trembling by the edge,—
Frail, empty shells, their mimic Easter spent!
All in and out in that snug corner there
Wild roses clamber with their cheeks abloom;
And some are shattered by a breath of air,
Some wear bright colors, others push for room.
So white, spent lives await the breath of doom
Beside these others in their manhood's prime;
And buds of promise that would burst in bloom
Crowd with pink faces in the ranks of Time.
But I forgot! The singing has begun.
How far away my thronging fancies seem!
O, worshippers, the prayer and reading done,
Sing me sweet songs of Zion while I dream.

A FAREWELL.

(After a course in Byron. Supposed to be Byronic.)

'TIS over! The dreams we cherished of old,
The love we had promised should never grow cold,
Have perished, alas! in the midst of the woe
We had vowed should no wavering falsity know.
'Tis over! The vision I hugged to my breast,
The love that had lulled all my torment to rest
Have fled from the aisles of my desolate heart,
And left but the pangs that shall never depart.

Tho' fainting and sick with the struggle it cost,
Tho' feeling the depth of the joy I have lost,
I would not woo back to my bosom again
The balm that but eased to embitter the pain.
I regret not the hour that revealed to my eye
The knowledge that ruptured that delicate tie.
It were best to be thus; and the Lethean sea
Must cover the bonds that have linked me to thee.

I do not feel angry and bitter within.
I freely forgive thee the sorrow, the sin.
Still, I cannot define it—this sinking at heart,
The aching that tells me we ever must part.
I know I have loved thee, and love thee no more,
That all I have felt and have cherished is o'er.
'Tis so; and I look at the beautiful years
With no wish to recall, with no sorrowing tears.

And yet, we've been happy together. The Past
Holds a tender remembrance deceit has o'ercast.
And now, it comes back, all this withering pain
To teach me the respite was truly in vain.
I bear no ill-will, nurse no smothering hate
To supplant the affection I bore thee of late.
I hate thee not, love thee not, scorn thee not now
With that treacherous lip, that perfidious brow.

'Tis done! and if ever fond memory brings
One thought of my life, may no torturing stings,
No biting remorse at thy treachery cold
Awaken one sigh for the injured of old.
We part! Not forever, I trust; but below
A meeting in friendship we never may know.
In yon beautiful world, where the troubling shall cease,
May we meet in the sunshine of infinite peace!

A THOUGHT IN SPRING.

A FAIRY has come to this dull world of ours.
Her feet touch the meadows: they blossom in flow'rs.
No nook so secluded, no corner so sly
But some little posy peeps out to the sky.
They herald the spring. May their bloom never die
Till the sere autumn leaves in the forest paths lie;
Till the gentian and golden-rod yield to the blast,
And the breath of the frost is the doom of the Past!
But remember, O Death, when you gather the flowers,
And they lie down to die in their own native bowers,
They are only asleep, and they wait a new birth
When a glad resurrection shall dawn on the earth.
Though their frail heads may bow to the stress of the storm,
Down under the sod, they are sheltered and warm.
And the fingers that loosen the fetters of frost
Will thrill them to life. Not a blossom is lost.
Neath the mouldering leaves and the blanket of snow
Is treasured the instinct to waken and grow.

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